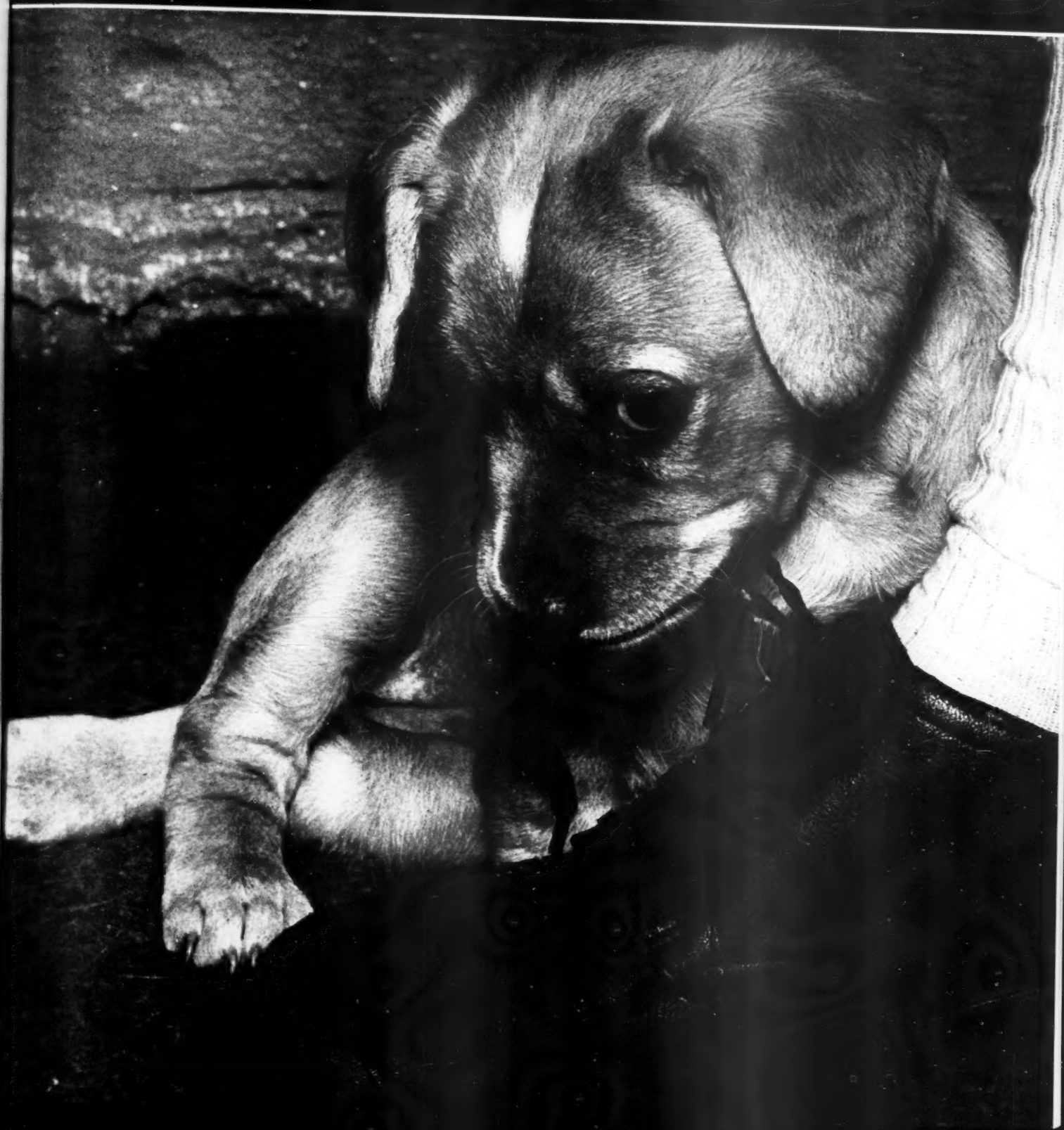


Animals

OUR DUMB

SEPTEMBER

1999





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Animals

SEPTEMBER, 1949

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MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to sixteen lines.

IMPORTANT

All manuscripts should be neatly typewritten, double spaced and each article on a separate sheet.

No manuscript will be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Payment on acceptance at the rate of one-half cent a word for articles; one dollar and up for photographs and drawings; one dollar and up for acceptable verse.



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Animals in the Movies

WE wonder if our readers have noticed, during the past years, that evidences of cruelty to animals in motion pictures have disappeared?

This is largely due to the fine work of Mr. Richard C. Craven and his successor, Mr. Mel Morse, Western Regional Director of the national humane organization. Mr. Morse is stationed in Hollywood where he represents all the Humane Societies in the country and interprets their views on the use of animals in motion pictures to the producers in that great industry.

Mr. Morse is a busy man, who must read all scripts involving the use of animals — supervise the humane agents who are on the sets when the pictures are taken and, in addition, do much conferring with producers and directors. It is a job calling for many skills — a complete understanding of how animals may or may not be used — an appreciation of the many technical problems affecting the motion-picture industry — and a complete devotion to the cause of animal protection.

Mr. Morse is the guardian of animal rights in Hollywood, and he was well prepared for this task by his predecessor — the one and only Richard C. Craven — who, caring nothing about time, effort or physical exhaustion, originally obtained the code agreement between the producers' association and the humane movement.

It should be said to the motion-picture industry's credit that it has been most co-operative — often at great expense and inconvenience.

The present working agreement between the industry and the humane movement is a great stride forward in the campaign for animal rights. It could only have been accomplished by skillful negotiations and much "give and take." That it has turned out better than was expected is a real tribute to the two groups involved.

For Mr. Richard C. Craven, it marked a crowning glory to an outstanding career in humane work, and Mr. Mel Morse has proved himself to be a worthy successor to Mr. Craven.

E. H. H.



Photo, Bill Godsey

"Timmy" Happy with Ear Muffs

By Janet Drescher

MUFFS to muffle the sound" is the slogan of "Timmy," a half-breed fox terrier belonging to little Miss Janet Fowler, Columbia, Missouri. He just can't stand it when Janet plays her violin!

Janet, eleven-year-old daughter of Professor and Mrs. Russell Fowler of Stephens College in Columbia, began studying violin last fall at school, where she is in the sixth grade. Her black and white pet never accepted his mistress' new accomplishment, and he insisted on howling with all his might when she began to play.

Realizing that the high tones hurt her pet's ears and that something must be

done to help him, Janet consulted the family.

"What shall I do?" Janet asked her mother. "I can't hear the notes I'm playing when he howls so."

Much discussion followed Timmy's objections to the violin until one day Janet picked up her ear-muffs and slipped them around Timmy's pointed ears. An expression of benign contentment flooded the terrier's face and his howls ceased!

Now, except for the strains from Janet's violin, all is quiet at the Fowler home. Timmy is present during all his owner's practice hours, but at such times he considers ear-muffs as standard equipment!

Here and There

THERE was once a wise clergyman who kept on his desk a special notebook, which he had labeled, "Complaints of Members." But the book contained nothing but blank pages. When one of his people called to tell him of the faults of another, he would say, "Well, I have a complaint book here, and I shall write down the things you say. And when I take the matter up with the official board, I shall tell them of your complaint."

The sight of the complaint book and the ready pen had its effect. "Oh, no, I don't care to have you write it down, not that I made the complaint!" And no entry was made.

The clergyman kept the book for forty years, opened it thousands of times before complainants, and never had occasion to write a line in it.

—*Sunshine Magazine*

ALL progress is made by men of faith who believe in what is right and, what is more important, actually do what is right in their own private affairs. You cannot add to the peace and good will of the world if you fail to create an atmosphere of harmony and love right where you live and work.

—*Thomas Dreier*

OBVIOUSLY, circumstances alone do not make us happy or unhappy. Our feelings are determined by the way we react to them. We can all endure disaster and triumph over it—if we have to. We may not think we can, but we have surprisingly strong inner resources that will see us through if we will only make use of them. We are stronger than we think.

—*Dale Carnegie*

SCIENCE and technology offer man important tools that may enable him better to control his environment and as a result enable him to control his destiny. Man must learn how to use those tools properly and he must apply his imagination to the task of devising the social and political institutions that will permit him to utilize the tools with maximum effectiveness.

—*Harrison S. Brown*

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Dog Dividends

By Samuel LaVallee

NO one has *really* lived till he has owned a dog! Even if you have a million dollars, and all it can buy. Not until your dog has lifted soft brown eyes to yours, has nuzzled a cold nose into your hand, have you *lived*!

"Oh, yeah?" a cynic once snorted. "And after I've shelled out my hard-earned cash for some dog, what do I get in return?"

When he invests *his* money, he declared, he wanted to know what the dividends would be.

Dog dividends are legion. When you buy one, companionship and devotion, protection of property and life, pride of possession, and not a few lessons in living, come with that bill of sale.

Companionship. Yet loved ones often fail to sense when you're spending a day in the dumps.

But your dog—he's always ready to fit himself to your moods. If you want someone to talk to, he's there, twitching sensitive ears, trying to understand. He becomes infinitely wise, learning your wishes.

If you want a walk, he'll trot along, tail wagging happily. If you want to dream beside a blazing fireplace, that's his aim, too. At your feet, head nestled in the cradle of his paws, his eyes rest devotedly on the face of his god. You *can't* have a crushed ego, if you own a dog.

He protects your property. Trespassers are arrested by his deep-throated, forbidding growl. And he protects your life.

A woman had a thirteen-year-old black and white terrier. She also had the bad habit of smoking in bed. One night the dog smelled strange smoke.

He leaped up. His mistress awoke with a cry of pain. And the next day, she gave him extra rations for rousing her from the burning bedclothes, by nipping her nose.

If your dog is purebred you can train him to show. You may one day decorate your pine-panelled den with his ribbons and trophies. What's more, a winner can



"Companionship" is the word for it.

Photo by Arthur Hansen

supplement your income, by employing him for stud. A fee of a hundred dollars and more has been received for a champion. Even my mercenary friend conceded *that* an excellent dividend!

You can breed your champion female. A litter of amber-colored cocker spaniels, for instance, is as precious as a basketful of topaz. Not long ago a breeder of German shepherds told me she valued a male she owned at two hundred and fifty dollars. A lucrative dividend, indeed.

But some of the finest dividends you'll receive from owning a dog will come in the form of what *he* teaches *you*!

When you go away and leave your dog, no matter what the length of time, he shows what "patience" means. Curled in a furry ball, he waits endlessly for your return. No one has ever owned a dog without benefiting by the philosophy that

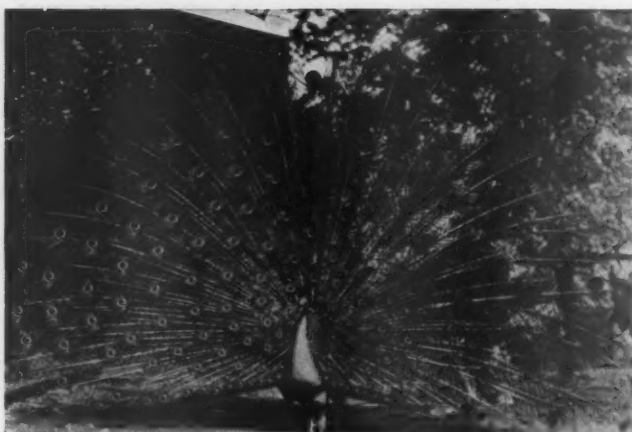
stems from learning infinite patience.

A dog can teach you how to cope with illness and infirmity. Unhampered by a human's worry equipment, he accommodates himself far better than mortals to injury and ills of the body. Sans worry, sans fear, the flesh has marvelous staying and recuperative powers. What a powerful lesson in living!

Tagging along behind, but just as important as your dog's tail, is one priceless dividend. He'll teach you how to make friends and how to *hold* them. How? Well, a dog-lover expressed it in one succinct sentence. "A dog has friends because he wags his tail instead of his tongue."

"Where else, in these inflated times," I asked my cynical friend, "can you get so much for so little?"

P. S. He got a dog.



Tail feathers of the peacock carry misfortune.

Animaland Superstitions

By Jasper B. Sinclair

MORE animaland superstitions have originated with the cat than any other domestic animal. Tabby was at one time associated with black magic and witchcraft, being persecuted on that account in 17th century Europe.

Black cats are normally a good luck omen, but the superstition about a black cat crossing one's path still persists as it has since ancient times.

Not so long ago it was said that either rain or snow could be expected when a cat sat with its back to the fire in winter. And if a cat sneezed within hearing of a girl who was to be married the next day, that was considered a lucky omen.

Witchcraft and delusion have also been associated with the European hare. It was supposed to be in league with the broom-riding witches of the early days. Indeed, the witches were often said to turn themselves into hares to escape their persecutors.

In those days people would go back home if they met a hare while starting on a journey or going to work. Fishermen also objected to a hare crossing their path while on the way to a fishing stream—it foretold a day of ill-luck and trouble.

Shakespeare, Marlowe, Poe and other poets have made the raven the most noted of all ill-omened birds. But the "sad, presageful raven" has plenty of company among the feathered creatures of the air and the superstitions of the ages.

A carrion crow flying over a house and croaking at the same time was a sure sign of bad luck. The hooting of an owl was another, and the sight of a solitary magpie was still a third ill-omened sign.

The flight of the heron has symbolized both good and bad fortune, depending upon the direction of its flight at sunrise and sunset. It was generally believed that the tail feathers of the peacock should never be brought into the house, for they were supposed to carry misfortune.

The stork has for countless centuries been a symbol of prosperity and bounteous crops. The bluebird is still the emblem of happiness, based upon ancient superstition. And to destroy a robin is inviting both trouble and sorrow—both of which would be richly deserved!

Your Nose Knows

OUR dog, a magnificent cream-colored Chinese chow, had one characteristic that I have never seen in another dog—he loved perfume—the man-made kind which we associate with toilet soap and talcum powder.

One day, he sauntered into the bathroom and found a wash cloth which probably bore a fairly strong odor of toilet soap. This cloth he carried to the living-room and carefully spread it on the rug and then laid his huge head on the cloth. There, with an occasional sliding motion, perhaps to stir up the odor, he was evidently completely happy.

On another occasion, he raided the bathroom and found a tube of shaving cream that had carelessly been left on a low bench. This he delicately clenched in his long, white teeth and carried out to the living-room rug, where he proceeded to roll on the tube until it was crushed flat and its contents well smeared over the rug.

Thereupon, he lay down beside that perfumed mess and rubbed his face and nose into the soap and spread it over as much of his body as he could reach. When we finally discovered him, his long fur was liberally smeared with the white cream and apparently he was at the height of canine bliss.

—John Fassett Edwards

We Have to Be Shown

On mules we find two legs behind. Two legs we find before. We stand behind before we find, what the two behind be for.



By Harry Miller, Director, GAINES DOG RESEARCH CENTER

PINTO,

OWNED BY
MRS. MAUDE HULETT,
OWEGO, N.Y., IS FOSTER FATHER TO ORPHAN KITTENS,
LAMBS AND A LITTLE PIG.

THE DOG AND THE BEAR
HAVE A COMMON ANCESTOR
IN MIACIS, A CIVET-LIKE
CREATURE THAT LIVED
55 MILLION YEARS AGO.



THE IRISH WOLFHOUND IS THE
TALLEST OF ALL DOGS. AVERAGE
HEIGHT AT SHOULDER: 34-IN.

©1948, Gaines Dog Research Center, N. Y. C.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

EVERY dog owner remembers how difficult it was to feed his pets during the war years. Our dogs were fortunate because they had all the unsalable eggs they could eat, and an occasional chicken. Even so, their wistful looks, when there was red meat on the table, told of their hunger.

And then, came the miracle!

It was one of those unusually warm days. A blue haze hung over the valley and the trees drooped thirstily in the breathless air.

"If only it would rain," I thought hopefully, looking up at the mountains, where a handful of clouds were gathering, split, now and then, by a spear of lightning.

Our dogs, "Mr. Blue" and "Buddy Bearskin," were restless, as they always are during a thunderstorm.

Listlessly I went about the chore of feeding the chickens and when I again stepped out of the long hen house, I noticed that drops of rain as large as ten cent pieces were leaving their imprint in the dust. Off toward the mountains, clouds were emptying themselves in long, verticle columns.

"We could use some of that," I murmured to myself. The wish was scarcely voiced, when it was gratified. There was no shilly-shally about it either. I ran to the house with the dogs close behind. Looking out the window I could see a wall of water rushing down from the mountain side, pouring over the railroad track to the north.

The Santa Fe Chief was due in fifteen minutes and at the rate water was undermining the tracks, they wouldn't be there when the streamliner arrived. I tried uselessly to call the Cucamonga station and it was while I was at the phone that the tracks went out.

"Here's my chance to be a heroine," I told myself, and taking a lighted lantern, I waded up the tracks in water to my calves. In the emergency, I had forgotten the dogs, but on looking back, I saw Mr. Blue plodding along behind me, half swimming, half wading.

"Go back!" I shouted, but Mr. Blue, as is often the case, preferred to ignore the command.

Off in the distance, the Chief was bellowing at a crossroad, and I began to swing the lantern. I stood my ground, praying that the engineer would heed my warning, and for the second time that afternoon I got what I asked for. The train came to a sudden stop and trainmen were coming toward me, talking and waving their arms.

This was to be my big moment. Presently, these men, whose lives I'd saved, would be shaking my hand and maybe offering me a free ride on their lovely train. With a fixed smile and quaking knees I awaited their approach, with Mr. Blue beside me, puffing and blowing like a porpoise.

I could scarcely believe my eyes, when the men, with the exception of a fat individual in white cap and apron passed me as though I weren't there.

"Hear there's a wash-out down the line," the fat man commented, as we waded along together.

"Yes," I said dully, wondering how they, on a speeding train could have known. (Later, I learned that an unidentified motorist, having noticed the damaged track had reported it to the station master, and he in turn had signaled the train to stop.)

"Good looking dog you have there," he continued as calmly

"Mr. Blue" and the Miracle

by Ina Loney Morris



Mr. Blue shares his windfall with a neighbor.

as though flirting with death were a daily occurrence. "Blue springer, isn't he?"

I said, yes, a second time.

"We have a springer back in Chicago," the man went on. "We call him 'T-Bone' on account of he likes T-bones better than anything else."

"Who doesn't?" I managed crossly. "Our dogs are lucky if they get a pound of hamburger a month."

"It's a shame," the man said. "The scraps we throw away would feed an army of dogs."

"You might try throwing some my way," I said, merely for something to say.

"Sure," he wheezed. "Where do you live?"

I pointed to the house.

"I'll remember," he promised, as I left him.

The wrecking crew worked all that night and the next morning the Chief felt its way cautiously over the newly laid track.

Several days passed and then one evening Mr. Blue came walking down the lane, dragging a well-filled flour sack behind him.

"Mr. Blue," I scolded, as I took the sack away from him. "If you've been poaching on the neighbors again, you're going to catch what for . . ."

I was untying the string at the mouth of the sack, when I noticed a note tucked under the string. I unfolded the paper and read:

"For Mr. Blue and his pal. 'I'll drop off a sack of scraps once a week. Be looking for it.'"

The note was signed, "Chef—Santa Fe Chief."



"Oscar" and the girl friend.

Sign of the Black Cat

By Jasper B. Sinclair

CATS have probably been associated with more superstitions than any other domestic animal. Our friend Tabby was at one time linked with black magic and witchcraft, being much persecuted on that account in 17th century Europe.

Apart from their associations with witchcraft and the Halloween festival, black cats are normally a good luck omen. But the belief that ill-luck will pursue anyone whose path has been crossed by a black cat has persisted since ancient times.

In the early days, the hair of a black cat was supposed to possess strong curative qualities for many of the common ailments. In various parts of Europe it was considered a certain cure for eye troubles.

Cats have always been looked upon as weather prophets of no mean ability. Sailors always disliked seeing the ship's cat acting in a frisky and playful manner—it was said to be a sure sign of a coming storm. Others insist that it is going to rain when a cat is seen licking its feet and trimming its whiskers.

People in the French-speaking sections of Canada make it a point to feed the cat well during the Christmas season. They believe it is bad luck if a cat meows in the house on Christmas Eve. And Shakespeare was as thoroughly convinced that a cat had nine lives as were any of the early Greek and Roman writers.

"Oscar," the Gallant Gander

By Ruby Zagoren

OSCAR" is going steady with a black hen. As a matter of fact, Oscar who is a 14-year-old gander, has been going steady with this same black hen for well over a year . . . when the black hen goes into roost at night, Oscar is right behind her; when the black hen wanders about the fields of the William Ward farm in Treadwell, New York, Oscar stays right by her side. If anyone, man or beast, tries to approach the hen, Oscar protects her with his menacing orange beak, and his noisy warnings.

A rooster tried to become friends with the black hen. Oscar dragged the rooster to the farm pond, thrust the rooster's head under water and was beating him with his wings, when Mr. Ward came to the unwise rooster's rescue. The rooster has since stayed away.

Before Oscar took the black hen under his wing, he was particularly fatherly to a brood of young chicks. Evidently Oscar felt it was his duty to escort and protect the tiny, little chicks. If the chicks were in the road and a car happened to come along on the dirt road that bisects the Ward farm, Oscar stood pat in the middle of the road, beating his great wings madly, and noisily honking at the car. "He stopped more than one car for those chicks," Mrs. Ward said. "He wouldn't

budge till the chicks were out of the road."

When the chicks grew large enough, Oscar decided to give them a lesson. He herded the little flock down to the farm pond, and then chattering encouragingly, Oscar swam about the pond, diving and cavorting. The chicks at the edge of the pond were puzzled. Nothing like this had ever happened before. But they were not tempted by the gallant gander who continued to shepherd them although probably he was inwardly disappointed at their distrust of water.

After the chicks grew up, Oscar felt lonesome. There was no one to shower his protective affections on. That was when he and the black hen started going steady, and they've been going steady since.

When someone tried to snap a picture of Oscar with the black hen, Oscar didn't like the idea at all. He hissed at the camera, and laid his bill protectively across the black hen's back, as much as to say, "Don't you dare touch this hen, or you'll be sorry."

"I think he'll go steady with her until there are chicks on the farm again," said Mrs. Ward. "Then he'll probably leave her to take care of the chicks. He'll figure they need him more."

Odd · Facts · in · Rime

By CARROLL VAN COURT

Sketch by Bill Sagermann

Careless-Looking Fellow

The boatbill is a wading bird,
Who likes to wade at night;
If you should catch a glimpse of him,
You'd say he's quite a sight.

His bill looks like a boat, you see,
That's been turned upside down;
His back hair seems uncombed, as well;
In looks, he's quite a clown.



Animal Doctors . . . By Edward W. Ludwig

THE big husky lay almost motionless in a snowbank of the Canadian wilderness, a cold wind hissing down from the North and whipping flecks of snow onto his thick brown fur. Whimperings of pain came from his throat, for his paw had been cut on a sharp rock. Blood dotted the snow by his paw, and the pain was so great that he could not walk.

Then the "doctor," named "Chink," arrived. Chink licked the wound, cleaning away dirt and blood. The coolness of the saliva eased the pain, and within a few minutes the wounded husky managed to limp away with his rescuer.

Strangely, the "doctor" had attended no medical college; he had, in fact, been to no school at all. Chink, also, was a husky!

He was the dog of Reverend Arthur Young, a Canadian missionary. He healed wounds, frozen feet, and other injuries of his comrades by licking the afflicted areas, and the saliva and cleaning process resulted almost always in a rapid cure.

Chink's strange talent illustrates only one of many instances where animals have healed their own wounds or the

wounds of others. Dr. George M. Gould of Baltimore, Maryland, tells of a woodcock that had been wounded in a shotgun blast. The bird pecked at the tiny pellets in his skin until they were removed. It then covered the wounded area with fine down plucked from the stems of feathers, just as a human doctor would apply a bandage!

In Connecticut another woodcock with a broken leg was observed scooping up soft clay with his beak and applying it to the leg. He then seized bits of grass and worked them into the clay. His job completed, he hopped under a bush and stood very still, waiting for the clay to harden. He had made a cast as skillfully as could any human doctor!

Several years ago in Baltimore, a large monkey cut his shoulder on a nail. Calmly, carefully, he parted the hair growing around the wound, then pressed clean, dry sawdust over it. The ape's instinct taught him to protect the wound.

Almost all animals have an instinct which helps them to doctor themselves. In Asia and Central Africa, a fever sometimes breaks out among deer herds. The deer will then speed to lakes or slow-moving rivers and sink into the cool water



Photo, Eugene W. Ahrens

The doctor ordered "rest."

so that only their noses and eyes are above the surface. They remain in the water until their fever has left them.

The average dog, when ill, will often search for green grass, which acts as a laxative. Sick mules and horses, with a certain kind of stomach disorder, will seek and swallow a type of clay which has a medicinal value.

In the News

THERE'S a gentleman, Bert Grateful by name, of Los Angeles, who is living up to his name. A classified advertisement brought his wandering dog back to him. Teal II, a Springer spaniel, left home on a Wednesday and turned up three days later at the home of Stanley T. Gray. In her mouth, Teal carried a copy of a newspaper. Gray looked through the lost and found advertisements in the paper, found one fitting the dog's description, and telephoned Mr. Grateful—who was, of course, grateful.

And now, we see where some companies are bearing down on dogs—no more free rides on busses or street cars. In Manchester, England, it is half-fare for dogs, while the municipal street cars in San Francisco charge ten cents, provided the dog is equipped with a leash—and a master.

—Tom Farley

"Murphy's" Faithful Friend By James Aldredge

THOSE folks who think the tempo of modern life has become so fast that people no longer have time to stop and do a kind deed to an animal may possibly change that opinion after reading about something that happens every day in the old Scotch city of Edinburgh. Every morning a scene is enacted in one of the suburbs, that is enough to warm the cockles of any humane person's heart.

It happens just opposite Merchiston Castle School in Colinton. There, an old horse—"Murphy" by name—stands and waits patiently by the wall of the field where for several years he has spent his retirement.

Pretty soon a trolley car approaches from the nearby terminal. When it reaches "Murphy," it comes to a dead stop. The motorman, Maurice Poole, of Muirhouse Crescent, clangs his bell and immediately

"Murphy" gives an appreciative whinny. The horse recognizes an old friend.

The motorman then dashes over to the wall, carrying a paper bag of bread crumbs and bits of bun from his lunch box. These he places on the wall—"Murphy's" breakfast table. The next instant Poole is back at the controls of his trolley and it moves off. It's all over in a matter of a few seconds.

For more than three years the motorman has been doing his daily good deed. "Murphy" now knows his breakfast time so well that he is always waiting by the wall when the trolley comes along.

But Maurice Poole isn't the only one who gets a lot of satisfaction from this act of kindness. The regular passengers on the line, who are starting out for work, have gotten so they look forward eagerly to the little ceremony.

STORY-TELLING

Animal

PHOTO CONTEST



HEY, I WAS HERE FIRST—by



ALMOST five hundred pictures were received this year in our annual photographic contest. As a result of this great variety of photographs, almost every conceivable animal subject was presented.

We assure our readers and contestants that the judges took great care in selecting the prize-winners, bearing in mind the spirit of the contest, "story-telling pictures" and photographic quality.

Reproduced on these pages are just a few of the winning entries which will serve as a guide for future contestants as the kind of pictures to be entered in our contests. Animals may often be photographed in appealing positions suggesting that they react more like human beings than might be supposed.

WINNING CONTESTANTS

*First Prize—\$25—Louis A. Puggard, Detroit, Mich.

Second Prize—\$15—Louise Brown Van der Meid, Ithaca, N. Y.

Third Prize—\$5—Georgia Engelhard, New York, N. Y.

Three Dollars Each

Howard B. Graves, Jr., Lakeland, Fla.
Mrs. Eugene Landess, Fayetteville, Tenn.
Louis A. Puggard, Detroit, Mich.
Georgia Engelhard, New York, N. Y.
John B. Picciuolo, Cambridge, Mass.
Louise Brown Van der Meid, Ithaca, N. Y.
Mrs. Helen Nestler, Strathmore, Calif.
Ernest Maass, New York, N. Y.
Dante O. Tranquille, Utica, N. Y.
Arthur Center, San Diego, Calif.

Two Dollars Each

LaVern Frost, Crystal, Mich.
Dante O. Tranquille, Utica, N. Y.
Louise Brown Van der Meid, Ithaca, N. Y.
Glen Dalton, Scotia, N. Y.
Louis A. Puggard, Detroit, Mich.

Georgia Engelhard, New York, N. Y.
Mrs. Helen Nestler, Strathmore, Calif.
Peter Eckel, New York, N. Y.
Louis A. Puggard, Detroit, Mich.
Georgia Engelhard, New York, N. Y.

Subscriptions to OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Eugene W. Ahrens, River Edge Manor, N. J.
Marielle E. Schwantes, Larchmont, N. Y.
Mrs. Rudolf O. Oberg, North Quincy, Mass.
Ad D. Noy, Denver, Colo.
Louise Brown Van der Meid, Ithaca, N. Y.
LaVern Frost, Crystal, Mich.
Cathleen D. Halloran, Needham Heights, Mass.
Chester Garfield Horton, Jr., Seattle, Wash.
Georgia Engelhard, New York, N. Y.
Louis A. Puggard, Detroit, Mich.

*See cover for first prize winning photo.

ONE WAY TO GET A DRINK.

—Photo by LaVern Frost



Photo by Georgia Engelhard



"RHAPSODY IN BLACK"—Photo by Louise Brown Van der Meid



(Left) "This is the forest primeval."
Photo by Ernest Maass



Photo by Mrs. Eugene Landess
(Right) Come on, let's play, pall

The early bird
has three big mouths
to feed.



Photo by
LaVern Frost

"Terry" Is on the Ball

THE ups and downs in a cat's life are shown by "Terry," pet of Mrs. Adeline Robertson, of South Boston. A first baseman to his paw-tips, Terry leaps to the top of the china cabinet where the ball is hidden, retrieves his toy, returns to the floor, ready to try it again—and, he never even nicks a dish or scratches the woodwork. Pictures by Myer Ostroff, through the courtesy of the *Boston Daily Record*.



He floats through the air with all the grace of a ballet dancer.



Retrieving the ball, Terry holds it in his mouth for the return flight.



Zooming earthward, he makes a perfect four-point landing.



"Okay, now let's play awhile," says Terry, as he rolls on the floor.

Canine Cop

By Art Crockett

THE methods of modern criminal investigation are intricate and thorough. Our cities take pride in their police forces. Millions of dollars are spent annually for crime prevention. Still, with all of our up-to-date equipment and knowledge, we are often forced to call upon the services of an ordinary dog, the trailhound, to bring capture to a dangerous criminal.

Fannie is the name of one of these trailhounds and is, by far, the most famous dog in the South. With headquarters in Miami, Florida, she has aided law enforcement officers all over the state. To date her record reveals that she has brought more than thirty criminals to justice. She has also cleared twenty persons suspected of crimes.

Water or a cold trail is not considered an obstacle to Fannie's sensitive nose. She proved this recently when she led fifteen officers in pursuit of two men who had fired at investigating detectives. The trail led through woods and marshes, and finally to a large pond.

Fannie plunged in immediately and swam to the other side. The officers followed, wading waist deep in water. At a railroad track the trail suddenly ended. The dog sniffed at a box car and started to bark. Inside, cowering in a corner, were the fugitives.

At another time R. O. Bader, a Highland City toolmaker, requested Fannie's services. He wanted her to investigate the theft of \$100 worth of tools. The trail was twelve hours old. No one expected much from the dog. After all, a scent doesn't last forever. Or does it?

At any rate, Fannie had no difficulty. She threaded her way through a group of school children and led the officers to two men working on a vehicle. The men were in possession of some of the tools; the rest were discovered buried under the floor of an outbuilding. The distance of the cold trail—one half mile.

Fannie originally came from Polk County, Florida and was owned there by Sheriff DeWitt Sinclair. But a transfer was necessitated when Sinclair lost an election. The flop-eared wonder dog of no particular pedigree was then sent to Miami to be cared for by Detective Sgt. Tom Lipe.



Photo by courtesy of Hartford Courant

Tiger, the friendly red hen and two of the kittens.

Little Red Hen Mothers Kittens

By Charles E. Booth

A RED hen in Manchester, Connecticut, has adopted three gray and white kittens. Born in a hen house, the three kittens, "Muffy," "Puffy," and "Peggy" first saw the light of day from the roost of the red hen. The mother cat, "Tiger," seeing no better place to raise her family, climbed into the roost and from that time on, she and the hen remained the closest of friends. Tiger has a full-time job of ridding the hen house of mice and her offspring are expected to follow in her footsteps. The owners of the cat and hen believe that the red

hen may believe that she actually hatched the kittens, so fond of them is she.

When Tiger's work is done, she returns to the roost, feeds and cleans the kittens, and then sleeps beside them. When she is away, the kittens have a great time crawling over the hen and pawing at her feathers.

At the same time no doubt, they are learning the tricks of being good mousers by watching their mother. As for the red hen—she just sits upon her nest apparently enjoying the antics of her furry step-family.

Come Home "Stinky"

• • • • • By Helen L. Renshaw

"STINKY" is just a very ordinary feline. She is well-known and greatly loved all up and down the Los Angeles waterfront. Recently she gave birth to a delightful family of four kittens. Now this is no remarkable feat in itself, but because of Stinky's popularity quite a thing was made of it.

One morning the new mother went foraging for her hungry family. Somehow Stinky got aboard a freighter that was shoving off for San Francisco. In no time at all, the Los Angeles Steamship Company which let Stinky use their pier shed as a home for her brood discovered what had happened. Immediately the alarm went out; a hurry-up call was rushed through to San Francisco.

"Put Stinky on the first boat sailing back to Los Angeles," they urged frantically. "We have four 12-day-old kittens without a mamma."

In the meantime the waterfront detective was sent out to "detect" a substitute mamma. A bit apprehensive he finally returned with "Brownie"—but Brownie is a dog!

"She is a recent mother," apologized the detective holding up two baby pups.

For a tense moment the whole waterfront held its breath, and then cheers went up for Brownie—no dog and cat fight at all. The kittens seemed rather to enjoy taking potluck with Brownie's pups, but the traffic was pretty heavy at mealtime.



Dr. Schroeder at his desk.

Unfit Horse

TWO of our agents stopped a junkman whose team was carrying a heavy load. The horse was found to be very thin and it had a large sore under the harness and another on its flank.

This man had been warned repeatedly, so he was placed under arrest and the horse was laid up. In court the man was found guilty and fined \$25.00. He was warned not to use the horse again until the sores were healed.

Kittens and Puppies

WE have received a number of complaints lately in regard to children mistreating kittens and puppies. In each instance an agent has been sent to interview the mother and warn her that the children must not be allowed to abuse any animal, but rather they should be taught kindness and gentleness. Encouraging kindness in the young child and developing a proper attitude reacts favorably upon his character, and so tends to make him a better all-round citizen in later years.

Racing Ponies

DURING the hot summer weather many complaints were received in regard to boys racing ponies, overloading their carts, and otherwise abusing them. The owner of the ponies was contacted and promised to watch very carefully for any signs of abuse. Some of the boys who were found not to have taken proper care of the ponies were discharged.

Society News

Chief of Staff Honored

DR. Erwin F. Schroeder, Chief of Staff of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, was recently honored on completion of twenty-five years of outstanding service at the Hospital.

In attendance at a gathering at the Society's headquarters on Longwood Avenue were many of Dr. Schroeder's colleagues throughout Massachusetts, and eighteen young men from various parts of the country, who served their internships under Dr. Schroeder. Five-minute papers concerning their own practice in the field of veterinary medicine were delivered and a paper from a veterinarian now connected with the Royal S. P. C. A. in London, England, was read.

Speakers at the testimonial ceremony praised Dr. Schroeder's record with the Society as "One of the finest on record" and pointed out that he has treated over 100,000 animals during his long service and has had an active part in every major development in the institution during the past 25 years. He has been Chief of Staff since 1939. This period has featured many changes in the Hospital—a Distemper Ward, the new Erwin F. Schroeder Surgical Suite, consisting of five rooms and providing the latest in equipment and

facilities for animal surgery, operating room, sterilizing and supply rooms, and recovery cages for post-operative cases, a blood bank for use in transfusions, oxygen tank, and many other conveniences for providing the best possible care for the animals. A Department of Pathology was recently opened, and many other important changes have taken place through the years that Dr. Schroeder has been with the Hospital.

In the evening Dr. Schroeder was guest of honor at a dinner at the Hotel Beaconsfield in Brookline, given by his host of friends and associates. On that occasion Dr. Eric H. Hansen, President of the Society, presented Dr. Schroeder with a beautiful gold wrist watch, suitably inscribed, commemorating his twenty-five years of untiring efforts in behalf of animals. Dr. Francis H. Rowley, long-time President of the Society, and now Chairman of the Board, gave the invocation.

In responding, Dr. Schroeder very graciously attributed whatever success he may have attained to the co-operation of the public. He stated: "The citizens of Massachusetts, with their understanding and whole-hearted co-operation in the activities of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital have made possible any success our institution has enjoyed."



Dr. Erwin F. Schroeder center in front row, and some of the veterinarians who met at the Society's headquarters on his twenty-fifth anniversary.

and Service

Investigation Department

MORE than eighty years ago, our Society was founded with the express purpose of preventing cruelty to animals. To do this most efficiently, an Investigation Department, consisting of a Chief Officer and a number of Prosecuting Officers, was set up. To this day, this Department of the Society performs one of the most important tasks of the organization.

Too often these officers go unheralded in their loyal crusade against cruelty. It is their job to investigate all reported cases of cruelty and neglect; to patrol outlying farm districts, bridle paths and riding academies. They inspect stockyards and abattoirs, they look in on horse auctions, pet shops and kennels. They visit rodeos, circuses and theaters where animals are on display for public amusement. They investigate stores where baby chicks, ducks or turtles are sold. They are in the market place and on the farm. In short, wherever there are animals congregated,

there our agents may be found.

These men must know animals intimately—how each species should be fed, sheltered and many times treated for disease or injury. They must be teachers as well as critics.

Looking through just a few cases for one month, we find the following investigations which will illustrate to our friends the vast diversity of problems confronting our officers.

We find a complaint that ponies at one of our popular beaches needed water and appeared too tired to work; that a horse had a sore on its right front leg caused by harness chafing; that a dog was kept always in a cellar and not fed except by neighbors; that a puppy had been beaten and hit with a shovel causing lameness; that a dog was killed by a car and driver failed to report accident; that a dog had been beaten with its leash until it was bleeding; that a mother dog was refused access to her puppies for two

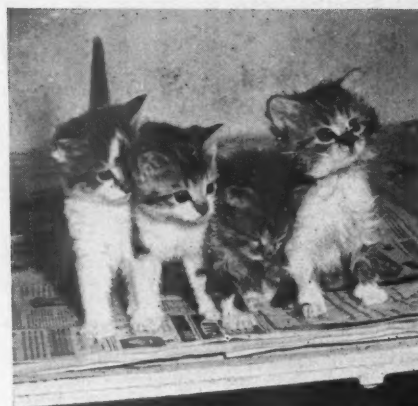


Photo by Calvin D. Campbell, Boston Traveler
Is that our Mistress coming?

days; that children had pulled their puppy and doused it in cold water; that stones were thrown at a cat, injuring it; that a cat was tied up with wire; that a dog was sick and lacked proper care; that farm animals were being neglected; that a dog was shot and wounded; that a dog had been stolen; that an old dog was suffering; that a cat was shot six times before killing it; that a cat was locked in an apartment and family gone.

The following complaint stated that a horse with a bad sore was being abused and that it was unfit for work. Our agent investigated and found the horse had an open sore, seven inches long and four inches wide and was unfit for work. The horse was taken to a stable where it was treated until the wound healed. In this case the owner was prosecuted, as he was an old offender, and given one month in jail.

Another complaint was received concerning two boys who cut off the legs of a cat. Our agent investigated this affair very carefully with the result that one boy was brought before the judge, found delinquent and put on probation for one year.

Other cases concerned the abuse of a dog by children who lifted him by his collar and stepped on his feet; throwing oil on neighborhood dogs; ducking kitten in a barrel of water and tossing it back and forth; dog and horse starving; abuse of birds and dog by children; dog very thin and neglected.

And so it goes, the variety is endless and our officers must be constantly on the alert to see that our animal friends are justly treated.



Horse-watering station in down-town Boston. Activity of the Mass. S. P. C. A. Margaret Robinson and attendant William Wildes pass out refreshing drinks on a hot day.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

By Boys and Girls

NOW we want you to write for us. If you are fifteen years old or under and have written or want to write a poem or story about animals, you are eligible to compete for a place on this page. Each piece must be very short, and, of course, your very own composition. Each contribution must be accompanied by a note from your teacher stating that the writing is original with you. Also, if you have a picture of yourself and your pet, send that, too. Of course we cannot promise to print everything received but the judges will pick out the ones they think the best.

All letters should be addressed to Boys and Girls Editor, OUR DUMB ANIMALS, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass. We cannot return or acknowledge unused contributions, but we shall do our best to print the best stories, poems and pictures received.

Following are a few samples of stories and verse written by children. Can you do better than these boys and girls? Try it.

"Kip" Runs Away

By Bobbie Ann Gove (Age 11)

KIP was a little black colt who had big ideas about the outside world. All Kip had seen of the world was the green meadow where he lived and that wasn't very exciting at all. So while "Lady," his mother was asleep Kip slipped away.

Kip trotted on and on, and he soon grew very tired. An inviting looking place was a cool dark hollow in among some trees, just the spot for an evening nap.

Oh! oh! what was happening? The ground was sinking! Kip couldn't free himself, and the more he struggled, the deeper he sank. It was awful and Kip wanted his mother. It was growing darker and Kip whinnied. It was a very little whinny, to be sure, but it was a whinny and Lady heard it.

Sure enough, there were Lady and the Master. In no time at all Kip was set free.

It was sometime before Kip ventured far from the cool green meadow and his mother. He had learned his lesson well.

Loves Pets

By Barbara Louise Kelley (Age 8)

I HAVE made a pet poster because I like animals so well.

It is fun looking through magazines, looking for animal pictures I think.

I love animals a lot and have five cats, including two kittens, also a dog and a horse whose name is "Nigger." I ride him a lot.

"Mitzie"

One day I went walking with my doll carriage. "Mitzie" went too. She cried because I walked with my doll instead of with her. So I put her into the carriage.

—Elaine Amato (Age 8)



Photo by James R. Parker

No toys could be so much fun.

Poor Tommy

By Marjorie Harrington

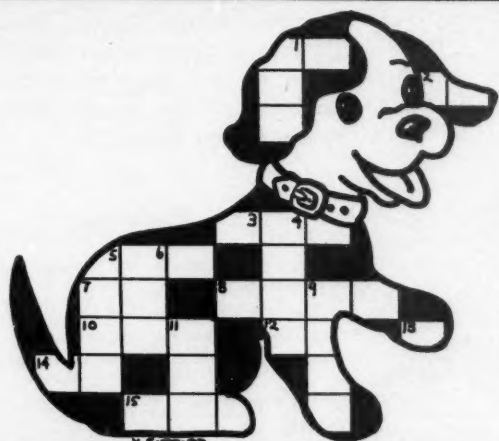
*Tommy's porch is spick and span
With matting white and green,
The knocker's always polished bright,
The steps are always clean.*

*My dog and I don't venture there,
For we might leave a track.
When we want Tommy I just shout,
And he comes racing out the back.*

*Tommy has the grandest toys,
But no live dog or cat;
His people think they carry germs,
Do you believe in that?*

*I wouldn't trade my "Gypsy" and her pups,
For any kind of toy.
I'd rather have a germ or two,
Than be a dogless boy.*




CHILDREN'S PAGE



ACROSS

1. To ACHIEVE.
2. 
3. To ASSIST.
5. FEMALE SHEEP.
7. ELEVEN - ROMAN NUM.
8. 
10. WRITING FLUID.
12. NEGATIVE.
14. 12 INCHES - ABBV.
15. ORGAN OF SIGHT.

DOWN

1. 
4. 
5. To GO OUT.
6. TRIUMPH.
9. SHORT LETTER.
11. 
13. FIVE - ROMAN NUM.

Answer to puzzle will appear next month.

What Animal Puzzle?

By Bertha R. Hudelson

What animal has babes so small

That twenty of them can
Be put into a tablespoon,
And often it fools man
By the way it acts? It is
Our most primitive
Animal; the kangaroo
Is a relative.

To find the name of this animal, take the italicized letters and place them in the right order.

ANSWER: *umssodO*

Homeless "Tommy"

TOMMY is really a traveled cat. Twice during World War II he crossed the ocean with his master, who was an officer on a freight boat. He was a general favorite with the men on the boat and they liked to have him on board. His master was devoted to Tommy, so the next time he went across he said to a neighbor, "suppose anything should happen to the boat and I should be lost. Will you look out for Tommy and care for him if I should not return?" This the friend promised to do and, sure enough, Tommy's master was lost at sea.

Now, that was some years ago and Tommy is old and battle scarred. It must be admitted that Tommy does fight with the other cats at times. The friends with whom he has been living have moved away, but they did not want to take an old cat with them, and no one seemed to want to give him a home. However, one kind lady who cannot invite him into the house because of her own cat, has been feeding him regularly, so he is getting by while the weather is warm, but he does miss his home, and what is he to do when the weather is cold? He is just hoping that someone will like a traveled cat and will take him in. If not, he will have to call on the friend of animals, the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., to care for him.

NOTE: Facts furnished by Marguerite Vose.



Photo by Marguerite Vose

"Tommy," traveled cat, looking for a home.

ANSWER TO "PECULIAR BIRDS" PUZZLE, which appeared last month; Pheasant, tanager, martin, ptarmigan, pin-tail, nighthawk, gannet, cormorant, nutcracker, gnatcatcher.

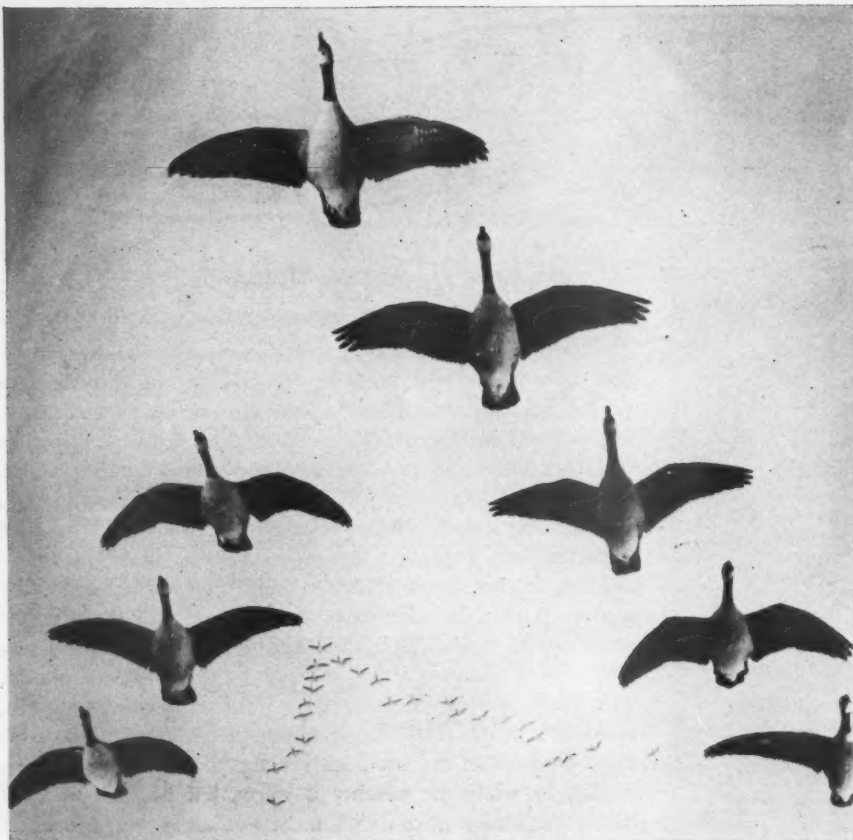


Photo by A. F. Sozio from Gendreau

Wild geese leaving for the warm breezes of the Southland.

How do they know their way?

By John H. Spicer

A HUMAN who can get hopelessly lost after venturing a short way into the woods must envy the sense of direction possessed by many small creatures. They can travel for hundreds and thousands of miles over routes none of them have ever traveled before and reach their destinations.

There are insects like some butterflies, for example, who travel south in the autumn. Not one of them has ever been south before and their parents who made the trip the previous season are all dead. Yet they reach the same part of the country each winter and in some cases even the same patch of woods each year.

Most young birds on their first migration usually travel in flocks with the older ones so that they are not faced with the problem of finding their way. This is not the case with all of them, however, as the young of some species are said to

migrate at a different time than the adults. How do they or the butterflies ever find their way? Nobody knows but they get there just the same.

Even more remarkable is the journey made by the baby eels, some of whom spend three years in a journey across thousands of miles of untracked ocean. Both American and European eels all go to the same place to spawn, somewhere in the Atlantic, between Bermuda and the Leeward Islands, where the water is a mile deep. All the adults presumably die after spawning. At least they never return to the streams and ponds they left and are never seen again.

The baby eels seem to know just where to go, even if they have no parents to guide them. Those of the American race turn to the west and the European start out to the northeast. The American eels reach fresh water in a single year, but

the others have to travel three years to reach the European streams upon which their parents came. Unlike the salmon who are merely returning to the stream where they were born, the baby eels are traveling to an unknown destination over a course none of them have ever seen before. But how each species knows what direction to take and what destination to head for is one of the big mysteries of natural history. The only answer given by science is that they are guided by instinct just as a young spider knows how to build a web correctly without ever seeing it done before.

Confession

*There's a ghost in the woods where the
gray dawn swirls,
An arrow of sound that the morning hurls,
Barbed with secrets yet untold,
Feathered with echoes centuries old.*

*There's a wraith in the twilight, slim and
tall,
A phantom haunting the forest wall,
Throbbing and chanting a lost refrain,
Like the muffled beat of the autumn rain.*

*The first time I heard it, years ago,
I found enchantment. Today I know
My heart still listens in round-eyed wonder
When a ruffed grouse drums in distant
thunder!*

—Paul Churcher

"The Horses of Homer"

SOME years ago Dr. Francis H. Rowley, for many years President of our two Societies, and now Chairman of the Board, had printed a booklet entitled "The Horses of Homer."

This assembling of the horses, immortalized by the great poet for the part they played so well on the plains of Troy, was undertaken out of Dr. Rowley's great love for all horses, but above all in appreciation of that noble army of equine martyrs who have toiled and died unhonored and unsung.

We have a few copies of this booklet on hand and we feel sure that many horse lovers would be pleased to have a copy, so on receipt of 25c to cover postage and mailing we shall be glad to forward a copy.

All requests for "The Horses of Homer" should be sent to Secretary, Massachusetts S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass.

HUMANE LITERATURE

For Sale by the **AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY**
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Titles in bold-face type are of books or booklets.

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First Aid to Animals, Dr. Schneider, 8 pp. \$2.00 per 100
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The Teacher's Helper in Humane Education, 32 pp. each, 10 cts.
An Early Start to Kindness, Lucia F. Gilbert, 12 pp. For first and second grades each, 5 cts.
The Humane Idea, Dr. Francis H. Rowley cloth, 50 cts.
"Be Kind to Animals" pennants each, 25 cts.
Friends of Fur and Feather, play, 3 cts. each 10 for 25 cts.
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Humane Education the Vital Need, Dr. Rowley, short radio address, 2 cts. ea., "Be Kind to Animals" blotters 1.00 per 100
Life of Francis of Assisi in Silhouettes, by Sister Fides Shepperson, Ph.D., 66 Pages50 cts.
Twenty Years of Be Kind to Animals Week, Guy Richardson, 3 cts. each; 10 for 25 cts.

Band of Mercy

"Be Kind to Animals" Buttons, three styles—Humane Society, S. P. C. A., or Band of Mercy \$2.00 per 100
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How to Form Bands of Mercy 1.00 " "
Band of Mercy Register 10 cts.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of _____ dollars (or, if other property, describe the property.)

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.

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Our Dumb Animals

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